Hours

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Hours

by Blue_Five

Summary

Will Graham keeps his therapy appointments with Dr. Lecter ... he simply doesn't remember everything later.

Notes

Warnings: I've tagged this as non-con/rape because if Will knew what was happening ... I highly doubt he'd be appreciative. That said ... you could say that he 'sort of' gives consent even if it's not 'total' consent. It's confusing so avoid it if this isn't your thing.

See the end of the work for more notes

Matins

Will Graham was floating. He was warm. He was safe. He opened his eyes and a slow, shy smile slid across his features.

“Hello, Hannibal,” Will said softly.

“Hello, William. Welcome back.”

Dr. Hannibal Lecter was seated across from Will. He was tall, blonde; handsome … Will felt a slight thrill at the mere thought that the tiny upturn at the corner of the man’s very kissable mouth was for him. When a slender hand gestured to the floor beside one knee, Will all but dove to fill the space. He heard an indulgent chuckle from above him.

“So eager, my little one.”

Will nuzzled contentedly against the man’s leg. “I’m with you again, Hannibal. I don’t like being away.”

Long fingers slid into Will’s hair and he pressed into the touch, yearning for more. “And I am no more bereft of happiness than when you are not at my side, dear William.”

Will couldn’t understand why he had to always return to that *other*Will. Being here, at Hannibal’s feet was where he felt safest and at his most calm. Nothing of the outside world could touch him here … and yet no matter how hard he cried, Hannibal always released the *other*Will to return and send him away to the shadows. Will pouted. Hannibal gently tilted his face upward.

“What troubles you, my precious?”

Will shook his head and hid against Hannibal’s leg. He knew Hannibal disliked it when he avoided questions, but Will didn’t want to waste time on the topic. Unfortunately, Hannibal was insistent. Will felt strong fingers take hold of his chin and he found himself looking into the liquid maroon eyes that flared red when Hannibal’s emotions were roused. Color crept across his cheeks as he felt shame for trying to hide.

“I’m sorry, Hannibal … I just … *why* can’t I stay?” Will asked, hating the mewling tone in his voice.

Hannibal sighed. His thumb ran over Will’s lower lip. “You know the answer to this, William. We’ve discussed it at length.”

Will felt his eyes sting and he blinked furiously to prevent the hateful tears from falling. Hannibal *tsked* lightly and gently urged Will into his lap. Will came easily, straddling the strong legs and laying his head against Hannibal’s broad shoulder. He inhaled deeply, loving Hannibal’s rich scent. A light cologne drifted over a strong male musk dotted with hints of whatever delicious meal Hannibal had recently prepared.

“You smell good enough to eat,” Will opined with a quiet laugh.

Hannibal’s hand moved into Will’s hair and the young man winced at the terrifyingly strong grip. His head was levered away from Hannibal’s shoulder and then pulled back until he was almost looking behind himself.

“Oh my William … such things you say,” Hannibal growled.

Will felt heat surge to his groin as the other man closed his mouth over Will’s arched windpipe. A low moan escaped Will when teeth scraped over the ridges of his trachea. He shuddered as one hand kept him bent backward while the other … roamed.

It was like having a living thing crawling over his torso. Hannibal’s clever fingers teased open his shirt and slid under the fabric to slowly drift along Will’s heated skin. He hissed when Hannibal rolled one nipple between thumb and forefinger.

“*Han-Hannibal …*”

“Hmm, yes, my lovely William? What do you require?”

“*You ... please ... you, always you ...”*

Hannibal enjoyed watching his young lover slowly fall apart under his physical assaults. Will Graham was a complicated man. His conscious life as an FBI profiler had given him an odd notoriety among his peers for his ability to empathize with those that murdered viciously and more than once. That Will spoke over others; he made his presence known even if hesitantly sometimes … that Will suffered under the weight of the darkness in his soul.

This Will … this Will who emerged during a simple but auspicious hypnotherapy session … this young man was exquisite in his desire to submit, to release his will without question, to obey – Hannibal had known another Will resided in his friend but never had he expected to find such a gem. Such a seductive twin so easily molded by –

“Hannibal?”

Will’s voice was small and uncertain as he sat up, looking at him. Hannibal chided himself for becoming lost in the images of his beautiful lover writhing beneath him, completely free of inhibition. He smiled reassuringly at the light gray eyes that held no guile. Hannibal closed the eyes by caressing Will’s sizable erection through his jeans. The body in his lap shuddered and trembled in helpless anticipation.

“Soon, my little one … but first we must have dinner.”

Will blushed furiously and nodded. Hannibal chuckled as the young man timidly leaned forward to kiss him. Hannibal allowed the press of lips, returned the kiss and slowly deepened it until his mouth covered Will’s and his tongue pushed Will’s aside so that he could taste where and how he wished. Will’s body relaxed as Hannibal steadied him with a firm grip on either arm. This Will would never presume to press his needs upon Hannibal unless invited. He might *suggest* … he might even *plead* … but this Will Graham would

always allow Hannibal to take whatever he wanted, however he wanted … darkness be damned.

Will went into the bathroom and undressed quickly. Hannibal did not like to wait once he'd announced dinner. One of the habits Hannibal had nurtured in the *other* Will was the overwhelming *need* to keep his body smooth and hairless save for a soft tuft surrounding his genitals. Will's nails were precisely trimmed and he cleansed himself daily inside and out with special soaps that left no residue or scent. *Other* Will hardly noticed the change; Hannibal's programming was so entrenched. He didn't even pick up on the strange pleasure that suffused him when he'd completed the daily grooming ritual.

Hannibal's Will, however, felt like he'd been hardwired for nothing *but* pleasure whenever he was allowed to emerge. He grew hard at Hannibal's least touch and serving his lover was all he lived for … dinner being a particular favorite of both. Will smiled and stepped into the shower, carefully bathing every part of himself and drying carefully. His hair slicked back, Will walked into the dining room naked and took his place upon the table.

Hannibal gazed down at the pale body adorning his table and smiled. His Will was so quick to obey and lessons learned were rarely forgotten. He paused for a moment to consider and urged Will onto his stomach, his mouth twitching when the perfectly smooth globes of Will's backside were turned up. He ran a loving hand over them and enjoyed a soft sigh from his boy. He talked as set the table, using various leaves and artfully trimmed branches to invoke a sense of the woodlands around and over his living centerpiece. Dinner time with this Will was always enjoyable and Hannibal tended toward a more whimsical approach than normal. Will, his head turned to whatever side Hannibal was on, listened attentively. He was not only a most accommodating table decoration, but he was also dessert, always.

Hannibal set his plate down where he could easily reach Will's mouth. The smell of the lung and loin bourguignonne with herbed rice was mouthwatering. Hannibal smiled as Will's tongue darted out to lick at lips gone tight with hunger. He dipped his pinkie into the wine sauce and dragged it across his young man's lip. Will's smile was hardly visible but the shiver of pleasure that went through his frame made Hannibal's gaze darken with desire. The pink tongue slipped out to taste and another groan emerged.

"It's so *good*," Will murmured.

"I'm glad you like it. I'm certainly looking forward to dessert this evening – blood and chocolate pudding," Hannibal replied.

Will shivered again. He trembled as he was fed by his lover – Hannibal took precise pieces of the meat with just enough sauce with small bits of the potatoes before sliding the fork into Will's open lips. His boy made so many pleasant sounds as he ate … he truly was the dream of any chef's ego.

Will's eyes were blank as Hannibal cleared the table following the meal. He smiled and worked in silence. *Other* Will lurked always in the back of this Will's mind and the knowledge of what exactly dinner consisted of tended to send both minds into dark silence. *Other* Will never remembered these sessions beyond having dinner with Hannibal following

his usual evening appointments. This Will … Hannibal's Will … knew *exactly* what he was eating and it aroused him to a point of muteness. This Will would not speak again until Hannibal allowed him release.

Hannibal turned his boy over and set out the pudding. His Will's erection was dark with arousal and the body tremors were steady now. Hannibal undressed, his clothes placed to one side before he joined Will on his very sturdy table. Will's gray eyes followed every movement. Hannibal began to eat.

A spoonful of pudding in his boy's mouth was quickly followed by Hannibal's sizeable cock. The pale eyes fluttered and Will's tongue began an indecent dance around his lover's member, lapping, sucking, and tasting … Will struggled to find every nuance of flavor in the food. He obediently took another spoon and Hannibal's cock until Hannibal could not contain himself at the pleasurable sight of his boy licking over him like he might devour a Popsicle on a hot day.

Will lost himself in the sudden heated emission from Hannibal – the unique salt of his lover blended well with the blood pudding. He shivered from head to toe in dark glee at taking such pleasure in something no one – especially *other*Will – would understand. He had to bite his lip to keep from crying out when Hannibal removed a slender marble object from its hiding place and, slathering it with pudding, inserted it within Will. It was just the sort of unexpected twist he'd grown to love from Hannibal during their time together. It didn't matter how Hannibal chose to break him down and make him wail … only that the blonde *did*.

Will arched his back, his pleasure completely at Hannibal's discretion. The movement of the unyielding object within him … filling him with Hannibal's creation made his cock weep for release.

"You've been so delicious tonight, my William. Would you like to climax?" Hannibal asked, his voice as calm as if they were discussing the weather.

Will nodded frantically, his dark curls bobbing. Hannibal smiled. He took his glass of wine and upended it on Will's member.

"Come, my little one … let me hear your joy," Hannibal urged.

Will stiffened and then let out a hoarse, stuttering scream of Hannibal's name as the man licked up his cock and then took his time tasting Will's release, flavored with wine. Will, swirling through the bright blur of the dining room and Hannibal's indulgent, affectionate expression, mused on his emotions. Being here with Hannibal was always best, always full of pleasure and decadence, always filled with delicious, taboo flavors … it was always *joy*.

Dressed and presentable again, Will stood within the gentle embrace of his friend, his lover, his everything. He could not keep the sadness easily at bay.

"You are always missed, my lovely. I count the very minutes until we are reunited."

“You always send me away … when can I stay? When can the … the *other* me know I exist and know how I feel about you … when can he know your secrets like I do?”

Hannibal tilted the bearded chin up and smiled. “Soon, I hope, my precious boy. Would that we could walk this world together, our secrets and our pleasure mingled in a single life … I think he may begin to suspect. Even if he does not, I will not stop releasing you from your prison in his mind. I need you far too much to allow that to happen.”

“I love you, Hannibal,” Will whispered fervently as he pressed kisses to the soft lips and strong jaw.

Hannibal claimed Will’s mouth in a kiss that left no question as to the older man’s feelings. His mouth quirked as he looked down into the dazed expression on his Will’s face.

“I know you do, my little one. I know you do.”

Will Graham was floating. He was warm. He was safe. He opened his eyes and cleared his throat, finding it scratchy and raw for some reason. Accepting the offered glass of water, he looked at his friend and psychiatrist.

“Hello, Hannibal,” Will said softly.

“Hello, William. Welcome back.”

Lauds

Chapter Notes

> So a few readers wanted more and I kept seeing Will emerging from a mirror so ... enjoy.

Will stepped out of the shower and carefully dried himself. He looked at his precisely denuded body in the full-length mirror and checked for anything out of place. He smiled when he found nothing.

Beautiful.

Will blinked, confused at the word. The voice hadn't been his own but when he tried to identify it, the name danced just out of reach. With a trembling hand, Will ran his fingers over the reflection. Will's breath quickened and it was suddenly as if he were in the mirror and someone else ... someone he must never think of in this manner was the one touching him. Oh it was so very wrong to let his thoughts travel this path but Will was incapable of stopping them ... this person ... this man he worked with, confided in ... this man with his piercing gaze and elegant manner was *touching Will.* Will swallowed as the ligh t hand traveled his side barely caressing the flesh. The touch became feathery taps along his hip, making Will inadvertently push his pelvis forward seeking ... what? Yes ... *that* ... Will moaned as the hand stroked over him, spreading his legs and languorously traveling up the soft inner thigh to his genitals. He was trapped, held captive as a reflection by *him* . Maroon eyes sparkled like dark rubies as Will voiced sounds *n ever* made with any former lover before.

Will looked down at himself. The hand penetrating the mirror's surface paused only a moment before firmly and steadily drawing itself along Will's cock, encouraging it to a hardness the young man had never known. He gasped as it grew dark with blood and glistened with precum. His testicles drew tight as his impending orgasm signaled.

All that you are is mine. Your pain. Your pleasure. Mine to give, mine to deny.

Will's head lolled back, his mouth slack, his eyes fluttering. His mind swam with dizzy images of his own pale body wrapped around this man on wine-stained sheets. He saw his lips, swollen and ruby encircling a thick, curving cock as Will bobbed up and down, cheeks hollow with the force of his sucking. Will watched his body, covered in ruddy blotches of passion, curve sinuously as he presented, offering himself entirely to this man with no reservation. Memories. Will realized only dimly that he was seeing remembered moments of impossibly shared sexual frenzy with *that man.* Will balked, wanting to pull away and come back to reality but the warmth of the hand on him was so very seductive and alluring ... his body ignored his inner protest and Will found himself trying to thrust into the fingers

dragging him along to the cliff's edge. A horrified whimper escaped him when the digits stilled and he was left balancing on the drop, unable to fall. Will attempted to resist and clamped his teeth shut but a single word found a way out.

“Please ...”

I am your god. The very breath of your life is my gift to bestow or remove. In the dark when you offer yourself, I devour your soul bit by bit. You will reside within me for all eternity.

Will whined softly, his mind slamming against the words like a bird trapped behind a window with the promise of a blue sky just beyond reach. Blood dripped from Will Graham's nose as he shuddered before the mirror, lost in the internal struggle. Will instinctively knew that to lose this battle would release the memories he'd only glimpsed earlier. Once taken out of the dream haze they resided in, the memories would be truth and Will could not bear the thought of what lay behind them ... the wine that was not wine staining the sheets ... the blotches that threatened to resolve into carmine hand prints ... Will's body ached as the withheld release held him prisoner.

In a monumental effort, Will shook his head and stumbled away from the mirror with a harsh croak, falling to his knees. The fluttering of frantic wings filled his head as will found himself looking at a pair of perfectly polished shoes. Tears flowed down his cheeks as Will craned his head to look up at the person standing over him.

“Let me hear you raise your voice to your god, my dearest Will ... let me hear your worship.”

The window of Will Graham's mind shattered in an explosion of ecstasy that traveled through his body, rendering him incapable of conscious thought. Will's body fell back and he wailed his lover's name as string after hot string of ejaculate painted his torso and neck.

“*HANNIBAL!”*

Dr. Hannibal Lecter watched as Will Graham disintegrated; his spirit and mind breaking apart into a shower of pearlized drops covering a smooth, pale body. He left the mewling creature writhing on the floor while he gathered a bowl of warm water, soap and a washcloth. He also brought a large clean towel.

With gentleness one might associate with infant care, Hannibal cleaned Will's body with the very soap he'd programmed the young man to use daily. He washed and rinsed away not only the evidence of Will's release but the rest of him as well, tenderly laving each limb. Wide gray eyes followed Hannibal's every motion and when he let his palm rest gently against Will's cheek, it was instantly nuzzled.

After putting away the cleaning supplies, Hannibal urged Will to his feet and led him to bed. He tucked the lithe body beneath the plain sheets and sat on the edge of the bed, smoothing back the unruly curls. Will watched intently, waiting.

“Share your thoughts, William.”

Hannibal braced himself for any of several questions or statements. He was unprepared, however, for what his young man actually said.

“I ... *love* you?”

The words were said hesitantly and with question. Will knew them to be truth but he couldn't quite *believe* them. He frowned and said them again, testing them against what he knew to be true in his mind.

“I love you.”

Hannibal remained silent, the moment too fragile for idle comments. He watched as Will's ever-fascinating mind sifted over the evidence newly revealed. Hannibal endured Will's sudden accusing gaze.

“You put me ... in a trance and you – you cleaved me in two!”

Hannibal nodded.

“Why would you --?”

Hannibal smiled indulgently. “Would you have willingly gone where I've led?”

Will huffed. “I might have ... I don't – I don't know ...”

It was ludicrous, this conversation. Will knew it but, for some reason, it didn't feel so odd to be discussing how his therapy sessions had devolved into what was essentially rape. He frowned and tried to summon up some anger ... some righteous indignation but all he could manage was irritation.

“You did something ... I should be furious ... I should want your head on a platter ... I should want to kill you for what you did to me,” Will said suspiciously.

Hannibal stroked the back of Will's hand. “Retrieve the session in its entirety, William. What do you see?”

“I see myself breaking in two ... I hear myself protesting, telling you 'no' repeatedly ... I see ...”

As if a light had been turned on, Will saw himself staring at Hannibal with tears streaming down his face.

“*I can't love you! I know what you are! I know what you do! I can't ... love ... that ... I can't ...*”

His voice travels the register until it's sharp with hysteria – until his breath is ragged and his face red with shame at the sobbed declaration. He sees Hannibal cradle his face tenderly and offer a simple solution.

"*Then only give me the part of you that <u>can</u> love ... the part of you that surrenders so beautifully. Give me that darkest part of your heart, William. Let me treasure it until you can come to me whole and perfect."*

Will sees himself nod and watches as Hannibal creates Will Graham over in his image ... a man with two faces.

Will blinked and suddenly sat up, his mouth questing and finding Hannibal's. The doctor pulled away after a moment, drawing a desperate whine from Will.

"You must rest, William. I will not risk losing you."

Will impatiently wriggled until he could get out of bed. Oblivious to his nudity, Will took Hannibal's hand and led him back to the mirror. He stood with Hannibal behind him. He ran his hands over his face and then down his body before reaching behind and pulling Hannibal's hands around to follow the same path. Then he slid one hand to cup his half-hard cock and the other to cup his face.

"Body and mind, Hannibal. Dine to your heart's content."

Hannibal's lips thinned as he moved both hands to cover Will's chest.

"And what of this fickle organ, William?"

"Yours until the day it stops beating."

Hannibal growled.

End Notes

So I watched the first season of Hannibal ... and this happened. Anyone interested in more?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!